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AN ESTIMATE OF SHELLEY.

When the French Revolution was nearing its darkest moments, Shelley was born. It seemed as though its spirit, as it stalked abroad, had crossed the waters of the channel and lodged itself in the heart of the new-born poet. It was no star to signal his coming; it made him stand among men like one afflicted; it brought upon him hatred and exile; it heaped upon him injustice such as few could bear without a broken spirit.

Shelley's life was one of sad reverses. The story of his determined resistance to the tyrannies of his schoolmates; of his challenge to his teachers to discuss his pamphlet on "The Need of Atheism;" of the prominent part which he took in aiding the Irish insurrectionists, and of his utter disregard of social customs, must be known to all. However justifiable may have been this course to himself, his life is one continued illustration of that indomitable desire for a radical change which characterized the minds of the revolutionists in France. The philosophy of French materialism, also the school of the encyclopedist and the infidelity in which France wantoned, accorded well with

Shelley's spirit. But if he loved and longed for change, and could sing among the first the praises of the French Revolution as an emancipation from dreadful wrongs, he could not endure the thoughts of the misery and violence and bloodshed in which men dealt. His mind was revolutionary only in the abstract. He welcomed it only as a principle, and would apply this principle, if a revolution could be had without suffering.

Nor is this the only instance of Shelley's utopian ideas. His nature was such as to make him thoroughly subjective in every taste or habit. There have probably been few men whose souls were more delicately woven. In its *finesse*, it is like some gossamer fabric. His passions, while impetuous, are never fierce. When he acts it is under the impulse of a refined intellect. He is guided by no blind power, but an exalted mind. If, then, he was animated, his animation was more the result of strong belief than of impetuosity. His passion and zeal and every motive came from a fevered brain, rather than a burning heart; therefore, his whole world was but an extension of his mind. And his feelings and intellects were so sensitive, his imagination so easily wrought, his standards of Truth and Justice and Freedom so undeviating, that the slightest violation of these principles was painted in the very vividdest colors to his mind.

The most beautiful part of his nature—the heart—was of that large kind which comprehends the whole of humanity within its fold. It seems also to have been filled with a love of truth, honor and unselfishness. His philanthropy led him often among scenes from which he revolted, those of disease and speechless agony. To those in need he gave his sympathy and fortune; and, beside one long pursuit of truth, it seems to have been his aim to make his heart the seat of a love, almost divine in its purity and greatness. This was not in order that he might prove his doctrines true, for he was born with all the nobility of soul he ever had. This was his religion; it is all summed up in the one word, Truth. The aim of life; the end of all humanity; from which flowed justice and right; the one thing that rules

the minds and hearts of men ; the one thing that connects them with their God. This seems the sum of his philosophy : *Truth with God and the universe ; Love with all humanity.*

Shelley's philosophy has never been well defined. He believed in a God, but not a creative Power. About the earth there seems to hover a spirit—

“A spirit of activity and life,
That knows no term, cessation or decay.”

In the beginning there were antipathies, self-created—

“These beget
Evil and good ; hence truth and falsehood spring ;
Hence will and thought and action.”

It is like a revival of the old Empedoclean doctrines, where all things motional or emotional spring from oppositions. Shelley, indeed, was particularly fond of ancient philosophy, believing Aristotle to be the king of all philosophers. In his praises of their ancient learning, he speaks of the atomic theory as—

“The key of truths, which once were dimly taught
In old Crotonia.”

Their speculations must, to a mind so imaginative as his, have had an attraction beyond their simple truth. In regard to the soul, he thought the old philosophers had taught of “something nobler than to live or die,” yet to him it was but a vague dream, which he dared not make a reality. Did he believe in an immortal soul ? “Certainly not ; how can I ? We know nothing : we have no evidence ;” and yet—

“Some say that gleams of a remoter world
Visit the soul in sleep—that death is slumber.
* * * I look on high ;
Has some omnipotence unfurled
The veil of life and death, or do I lie
In dream ? * * *
* * * For the very spirit fails—
Driven like a homeless cloud.”

He hoped, indeed, yet reasoned against hope, and thus hung balancing between a Heaven and an eternal chaos. Man, he thought, possessed a soul, which was a part of the great spirit of the Universe. In another place among his poems, he speaks more decidedly of its Immortality:—

“But the pure spirit shall flow
Back to the burning fountain whence it came—
A portion of the eternal.”

We see a sharp contrast between the extravagance of his younger opinions and the mildness of those which he held at his death; and yet even his later beliefs do not thoroughly excuse him. He is like some frail bird that struggles in a net, until at length, its wings fail from weariness. He could not have battled the opinions of the world much longer. Thus, like the bird, he could sing an ode to Freedom—but his song was only a chant upon the outrages of oppression. Nevertheless Shelley did not relinquish his hopes of

“A mighty brotherhood
Linked by a zealous interchange of good.”

This was his Republic; but unlike Plato or another, he thought to put his creed to practice, in violation of every law.

Shelley the poet is even greater than Shelley the man. It needs not a facile pen to veil one part of his nature—Let it stand! His faults can never make him less than have the blighting words of ravenous critics. Lately he rises to hold that eminence which he most justly deserves, not only as a poet but as a man—for he has been wronged in either case—and each beam that shall fall from him is one that shines by no borrowed light, though others may have tried to darken it. Shelley copied none. He could not help being influenced by Wordsworth, Coleridge and Southey; he could not help drawing inspiration from all the greater poets. We may indeed find passages that in their stateliness rival those of Milton—we may trace a resem-

blance in the tastes and even lives of the two, but we cannot deny to Shelley an originality which is thoroughly peculiar.

Above all, he is the greatest of English imaginative writers. He culled all that was most wild and wonderful in literature, but even that would little give the delicate fancies which the poet has embodied in his verse. He could people the earth and air and space itself with ideal creations, a mythology outburning that of Greece. In his yearnings for the sublime he would wander among the stars and cross the infinitudes of space; he conversed with the dread Spirit of the Universe; he wept with the Jew, whose penalty it was to live and be without a friend; his great soul swelled in adoration of Nature, which spread about him a veil of wondrous beauty, and which he in turn displayed in conceits of the imagination insufferably beautiful. But how helpless an imagination without its fit vocabulary! Yet, here was one whose very fancy could not outreach his words—but the passing shadow, the sunbeam's glory run, like molten metal, into shapes of wonderful meaning. There is more frozen music here than in all the architecture of Italy! The rhythm so elastic, so polished, so smooth in its music, is not like the symphony and grace of Beethoven, although there is much of his grandeur of conception. Shelley is not the master of rich and deep *harmonies*, of impassioned chords and profound inspiration, but, like Rossini, he is the great teacher of *melody*.

The niceties of Shelley's language can scarcely be understood by any but a careful reader. It does not resemble the word-painting of Ruskin. He is not of that school of art which gives expression in broad and warm colors to strong contrasts and exaggeration of form. With those it is all effect. Shelley is the *Præ Raphaelite*, and he aims at truth of expression. Among our countrymen he is a Church in scrupulosity. No shadow falls beyond its line, but nature is interpreted with the utmost accuracy and detail. In this way the poet, as the artist, is delicate, while exact; yet he is not free from obscurity. The distance which glorifies one of Turner's school, mars the effect

with the particular naturalist. There is a little poem by Shelley called "The Cloud." It is the perfect type in his shorter poems of his imaginative writing, embodying above all else that tender fancifulness which, in the portrait of the poet, beamed through the large and dreamy eyes, or was expressed in the slender mouth and delicate features. And like *The Cloud* were his words. An impenetrable obscurity hangs over them to the careless observer, for he sees the cloud only as a flake in the heavens; but he who will take the trouble to weigh and examine each word, finds, like the atom of mist, that it becomes a little lens to magnify unseen glories in the atmosphere behind, and, flying by the side of brother atoms, it forms the cloud that yields the voice of thunder or reflects the beauties of a dying sun.

The poet drew his imagery, as he himself remarks, from his own mind. This is one reason for his obscurity, "but a more subtle cause is the excessive refinement of his imagination." This often led him to use expressions which were vague and unreal. However suggestive the following lines may be, they seem at first a little overdrawn:

"The crawling glaciers pierce me with the spears
Of their moon-freezing crystals."

"Moon-freezing" far from implying any quality belonging to the moon, is rather expressive of such excessive cold as would freeze the moon, now dead and almost frozen. There is perhaps no better illustration of his intellectuality than is found in the *Prometheus Unbound*, where he compares an event of nature, an avalanche, to a process of the brain, rousing the usual order of procedure. He tells how—

"Thought by thought is piled, till some great truth
Is loosened, and the nations echo round."

Shelley's poetry is distinctly an expression of his life and character. The two run parallel, so that if he was fearless it fused a strain of high audacity in his words; if he was noble,

true, and filled with the passions of the intellect, they were each duly reflected in what he wrote. The one was but a just exposition of the other, and the two must be judged together. We cannot consign a great man to oblivion for a fault. The world has scarce recovered from the beliefs which spiteful critics spread against the poet. As a poet, they can say but little against him; but as each one comes to form an estimate of Shelley as a man, it is well to be generous, remembering each event of his peculiar life, and remembering well the sincerity which marked his search for truth. Alas! that he knew it not. Often he had hoped; and, as if the cloud had broken, a heaven seemed revealed to him. Again the dreadful opposition, so deeply seated in his soul, dispels the dream. Yet, while he hoped, there seemed to steal over his heart a new spirit. The bird that battles heaven with its wings is slow o'ercome. Again we may recall his burial by the sea-shore. He had few friends near to see the impressive sight of a modest hero passing away in the funeral pyre of Greece. The great flames leap up to heaven. About the pile stand two brother poets. When now all is near reduced, and what is mortal of Shelley has fallen to ashes, a hand stretches forth and rescues the "Heart of Hearts" from the flames. But whether or not the heart would burn, it is the head which is immortal. Neither pagan rites nor superstitions can add to the glory of the poet. H.

A SONG.

The morning awakes, and the daylight breaks,
I hail thee, beloved!
The mists disappear, and the sky is clear,
I greet thee, beloved;
The darkness has fled, the night is dead,—
Thou'st slain him, beloved:
Oh, grant me the prize of a glance of thine eyes!
While I hail thee, beloved.

The day may bring thee pleasure,
The day may bring thee pain ;
Be this thy hope and treasure,
His sun shall rise again ;
The fairest morn may darken,
Thy hopes and comforts flee ;
But to His promise harken,
God watcheth over thee.

The rich perfume of the summer's bloom
Exhales but to greet thee ;
The breezes have flown from their far-away home,
And linger to meet thee ;
The sunlight is free, and waiteth for thee ;
Thou'rt queen of the morning, beloved !
My heart would rejoice in the sound of thy voice,
Oh ! bid me, " Good morning."

LESLIE.

A DAY IN SKYE.

The sky, as we had driven over from Portree on the preceding afternoon, had been bright and clear, as that of an American summer day, but on stepping from the door of the little inn before breakfast, we found the usual Highland atmosphere awaiting us. It was not rain, nor was it fog, but that peculiar compound of both, known as Scotch mist, five minutes of exposure to which is usually as satisfactory as a complete bath. Our summer's experience had, however, taught us the uselessness of waiting for better weather, and as soon as we had finished our breakfast, we started on our walk of eleven miles to Loch Cornisk.

We crossed a little stream, and turning sharply to the right, struck up the valley. The mud of the worn track, and the knee-deep and rain-soaked heather on its sides, offered but little choice to the pedestrian, while the heavy mist that rolled far down the mountain sides shut out all chance of a view. Under these circumstances, the slow progress of the main body, laden

down with *impedimenta*, in the shape of lunch baskets, etc., soon became intolerable, and I hastened on ahead. Half an hour of quick walking, or rather wading, brought me up with two cockney tourists, who had left the inn earlier, and were bound to the same Loch. The mud, the heat, and the soaking mist, combined with frequent applications to their brandy flasks, had reduced these two individuals, evidently unused to mountain travel, to a pitiable state of dilapidation, and they expressed their feelings by fluent and forcible remarks upon the weather, Scotland, their own eyes, and the universe in general. As we plodded dejectedly along, the party was still further increased by the addition of a game-keeper making his daily rounds—a magnificent specimen of humanity, the very ideal of strength combined with activity. He led off on the path with that long, swinging gait peculiar to Highlanders, which speedily proved too much for our London friends, leaving them panting in the rear.

I did not regret their absence; for now the clouds were beginning to rise, disclosing the mountain tops to our view. On our right rose Scour-na-gillian—a huge mass, as rugged as its name—while the left side was occupied by a collection of smaller peaks. All the mountains were composed of solid rock, and from top to bottom not a single patch of green could be seen on their precipitous sides. Black as ink, and shining with the wet, they looked like huge masses of coal hewn out by Titan hands. The valley was beginning to grow narrower, and we could plainly see the hill that ended it, beyond which lay Loch Cornisk. As we approached its foot, the rocky steeps of Scour-na-gillian ended abruptly, and the chain to which it belonged, bending sharply in, formed a little glen leading off on our right, surrounded on three sides by a circular ridge of granite hills, with an opening looking out toward the broader valley in which we stood. Here my companion paused, and told me how an entire island tribe, hunted down by their enemies, had turned savagely at bay in this retreat, and been butchered to the last man. He pointed out a large stone in the centre of the en-

closure where the few survivors had made their last stand, and encouraged by the voice of their chief, had awaited with set teeth the final charge that swept their tribe forever from the earth. The black, jagged mountains, unrelieved by any patch of color, formed a fit amphitheatre for such a deed ; and the wildness of the background made it easy for the imagination to complete the picture.

Passing on we began to ascend the dividing ridge, and half an hour later stood on its summit, with the view we had come so far to see spread out before us. It is almost impossible to give any idea of the wildness of the scene. The hill upon which we stood was some fifteen hundred feet high, and sloped steeply down, almost to the water below. The heather on its sides, and the little patch of sea grasses which lay between its foot and the Loch, were the only vegetation upon which the eye could rest. Opposite to us, and extending nearly around the little lake, from which it rose precipitously, stood another of those wild granite ridges, its narrow top shattered into a hundred sharp peaks that looked as if they had been riven and broken by the lightning. Here and there, a white streak, shining in clear relief against its black side, showed where the water was foaming down from some rocky pool to fall into the lake below. Behind and beyond it stood numberless mountains, all preserving the same jagged outline ; and, as the rolling mist swept over them, now hiding them from view, now allowing only their tops to appear dimly above the darkness, they seemed like the towers and minarets of some giant city, wrapped in the smoke of a great conflagration. As we stood gazing on the scene, one of those quick changes common to Highland weather, occurred. The driving mist rolled swiftly back, the clouds parted, and the sunlight poured down upon the hills ; caught and reflected by the glistening peaks and sides of the dark mountains, its beams gathered in the waters of the little lake, turning them a shifting green, till, as the light flashed and played in its depths, it looked like a gleaming emerald set in jet. Then, as the clouds closed

once more over the scene, we turned away, and, bidding a last farewell to Loch Cornisk, started back for the inn.

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"YEAST."

A problem, the title-page calls it, and the epilogue leaves it an unsolved problem still. As rigid and persistent in its conditions as a mathematical proposition, and as constant in its results, it is the riddle of the ages, importunately demanding solution—the problem of destiny.

Charles Kingsley attacked it in a novel way, not with dissection by rule, and reconstruction by measurement, but as a living question of personal interest to every human being. He did not attempt to show how much he knew about it, but to explicate the little it was possible to know. He depicted a period in the conflict it cost a fellow-man—and he christened the narrative "Yeast."

Lancelot Smith is a young man, for whom, despite many faults, a considerable income, a cultivated mind, and an open heart everywhere gain a welcome. Ardent passions, and a strong will, regulate his conduct. A poetic imagination and a receptive temperament inspire him with admiration for the beautiful; but he loves rather the grand unity and freedom of nature than the confined magnificence of art. To his frank character all insincerity is utterly distasteful, and he can scarcely repress his contempt for petty tyrannies and senseless quibbles. Yet his instruction is gained from books, not by practical experiment of the world, nor by drawing from the fountains of knowledge. He is, in short, a fair specimen of a common type among the educated classes in England.

At the stage of his career when he is introduced to us, his mind is in a condition of total unrest; he is disgusted with himself, and dissatisfied with his situation. The beauty and perfection of God's works convince him that man was made to ac-

cord with them, and to complete that perfection. Surely, the earth was made for man, and man for happiness. Yet he, though he has tried every means to happiness that life affords, has not attained it. Casting about in his mind to learn the cause of his misery, he attributes it, with the blind instinct that guided the ancient philosophers, to his own transgression of the laws of nature. God, he reasons, has imposed regulations, the punishment of breaking which is this state of mental wretchedness in which he finds himself. But wherein has he transgressed? Are his sins blacker than other's, that he alone should be miserable, while all around seem light-hearted and happy? It is the question daily asked on every hand, the problem "Yeast" discusses. His æsthetic faculty teaches him that the beautiful alone is worthy of pursuit, and whatever he conceives to be classical in form or in character, that he blindly pursues. He has in himself certain powers and capacities, physical and mental, admiration for all things lovely, love of authority, enjoyment of ease, satisfaction in the exertion of strength, propensities native to humanity. He cannot think that the gratification of these inclinations will make him unhappy, else why were they given him? On the contrary, a state of happiness must lie in their full development, and by this means, like Epicurus of old, he tries to attain it. It is the universal mistake, and only experience can correct the error.

While his mind is in this unsettled state, "wandering," as Kingsley says, "either toward Rome, toward sheer materialism, or toward an unchristian and unphilosophic, spiritualist Epicurism," two influences are brought to bear on him, which determine the course of his thought. He falls in with one who is possessed of beauty and intellect; who yields to the force of his superior argument, and who is gratified at the display of his bodily strength. Yet his intercourse with Argemone Lavington does not free him from his disquiet, nor remove the feeling that something is wrong within himself. The beautiful in body and mind he has gained, and has found it unsatisfactory; the more

he gratifies his natural tastes, the more his discontent is increased. Where shall he seek happiness now? The next resource more nearly approaches a solution.

His intercourse with Tregarva, though made subordinate in the construction of the tale, is the main issue in the discussion of the problem. He has before thought that most men are contented with their lots, and have no such mental unrest as he suffers. Tregarva teaches him that the world is full of wrong, to which there is, and can be, no right; that necessity restricts the majority of mankind to seeking the prosaic needs of life, without leaving them time to pursue any ideal pleasure. He has supposed happiness to consist in personal enjoyment. But from Tregarva he learns that there is a truer enjoyment than that whose object is self; that there exists in trying to benefit others a purer love than the selfish passion with which Argemone inspired him.

A nobler instinct is aroused within him. He sets himself at once to study the labor question, to learn the cause of so much misery, that he may begin to alleviate it, that he may induce others to do the same. He would become a reformer, but that the patrician instinct in him is too strong.

Then come the loss of his property, the death of Argemone, his refusal to live by a system he deems corrupt. He is now one of the people, with only the right of manhood, and the culture his station has given him, to raise him above the crowd. It is now the author draws a mystic influence about him. His destiny, in the person of the mysterious Barnakill, takes the control from his hands, shows him he is not yet prepared to solve the problem, and removes him to a distant land, where he shall behold the broken remains of an effete civilization; where, in the light of a nation's experience, he may continue the study of the question he has undertaken.

Here Kingsley leaves him to form his own conclusions, according a like privilege to the reader. He has not attempted to answer the query he starts. Time is the agent of whom we

must expect the final solution. As thick a veil hangs about it as about the fate of the hero himself. Only the first step toward the answer is made clear, the absorption of personality in considering others' interests, the continued application to some unselfish pursuit.

This problem is one every human being is compelled to resolve. To some it is presented in childhood; from others it is kept many years by thoughtlessness or a busy life. They are happiest who reach an early decision; those are most wretched over whom it pends through a lifetime. For a time the recollection may be drowned in the hurry of life's cares, or in a forced obliteration of memory; but, at the first moment of quiet it returns, and the torment of reflection ends in suicide, or worse. It comes to the mind in various forms, succeeding to pleasure, to grief, or to success. Every man must solve it for himself; no previous experience can avail him. Kingsley has tried in "Yeast" to sound a warning to those that have not yet begun the conflict, and to those who are blindly contending. May some be aided by his observation.

THE OLD SCULPTOR.

Strange it is how genius acts! Some men have within them the germs of greatness; though they may live obscurely, and their lives are known to only a few, their characteristic works have been like sunshine in this bleak world of ours, or as signals telling us of danger around. We do not write of an imaginary person, whose works never existed, and whose being is only in the phantasy of the mind; nor of some dwarfed genius, hammering away with no purpose in view, having lived and died as a brute. But we write of a man who, in this little span of life, lived his own life, acted his own part, in his own way.

Nature's lovers dwell among nature's palaces. They make their homes in deep valleys where elfin spirits would dwell;

or with unseen spirits they hold their courts in grottoes, where the architects and artists of the fairy realm execute their most ingenious plans. There these artists of nature rear the most exquisite altars, in the grandest mosaic lay the floor, and with the most delicate touches festoon the walls. In such places, with palette and brush, men take nature and place her on canvas; from rough-hewn marble they bid a speechless, motionless, yet soul-animating and enrapturing *being* speak in thunder tones, yet remain as mute as yon mountain peak resting among the clouds.

Among the rocks in a deep valley, surrounded by towering mountains, there is a cave, massive and grand. Fit dwelling place for one whose thoughts dwelt on infinitude, and rise from this sin-stricken earth to something pure and sublime! Within this cave a man abode; how long no one could tell. The traveler, tired of looking up at those grand works of God, delighted to listen to the tale of this man from the lips of the humble peasantry, or to visit his home, and there let the breast heave the more at the touches of art. We visited the sculptor. Tall in stature, he wore a countenance which, while it sent a thrill through the breast of the visitors, still had those qualities that seem to say: "Be not afraid, I am not of this world." The long, shaggy hair, the grey beard, the eye now sparkling as if in rage, now indicative of some great care, were objects of wonder. Finally we thought that though in appearance a man, there was something in him that destroyed this idea of human; we concluded that he was a being, what more we knew not. We were in an artist's studio, the artists—God, and man His masterpiece. Around were the sculptor's works; but, how sad, none complete! On all sides were scattered fragments of marble, broken as if in rage. Here lay the arm, the hand, the head of figures which seemed perfect in their execution. In the rear of the cave was a deep pit, whose yawning mouth threatened destruction. Within it the echo of the hammer's stroke reverberated, like the tones of some unknown being sounding in the midst of

a tempest. Near this the old man stood. Before him was a piece of marble moulded, as we thought, into beauty and perfection. With patience he fashioned the figure. Each stroke was made with caution. Then the brow began to knit, and in meditation he viewed the work. Again and again he fashioned the marble almost into an actual being. The lips were open as if speaking, and the eyes shone as though imbued with life. At last, with a shout of joy that rent the air, echoing and re-echoing in that dark abyss, the sculptor stood before his creation, wrapped in wonder. With arms outstretched, as if in worship, he exclaimed, "Oh, thou that art my ideal of all that is good and beautiful, in thy matchless purity speak to me, thy creator, and tell thy name. Speak, for thou art a being which these hands have been forming for years out of the purest marble. Thou hast a soul, and some angel from above hath breathed in thee the breath of life." The man raved. Like a mother pleading for the life of her child, or like some idolator before his shrine, he prayed. Prostrate before his masterpiece, uttering groans the most pitiable, he plead most importunately that his creation might speak. He ceased, and the very silence became a terror. Then in tones unknown to mortal, the figure seemed to utter one word—"Mabel." Down the dark abyss the name resounded, and, in deafening echoes, came upon our ears. Each broken statue seemed to take up the word, and louder grew the sound. From mountain to mountain the echo extended. Through the valleys, nature's songsters, the roaring cataract, and the very elements changed their song, and uttered only "Mabel." In an instant the old man sprang to his feet, and, his face beaming with joy, again spoke: "Thou to whom I gave life, Mabel, the creation of my hands, hath become the Mabel of this vale who years ago died. And now immortal being, Mabel, the pride of my heart, in creating thee I give my life. Without thee I was lonely; with thee I die." With that, down the abyss creator and creation fell. Again there was an echo; this time, not in that deafening tone, nor in that fiendish sound which terrified

the soul, but it was the sweet echo of that one word, "Mabel." We, with the mountaineer, were almost paralyzed by this strange scene, and could but ask if the age of miracles had returned. What the voice was we did not learn. All we gathered from our uneducated host was, that once "an angel of mercy" abode in the cave, whose weird character caused her death; and this raving sculptor was her father. For years he had made the valley resound with his strange noises, and many were startled by his superhuman acts. Into each stone he could place a voice, and all nature seemed to be under his control. At times, he was ferocious and a terror to all; then, as if cured and pacified by some unknown power, he became a physician to many weary wanderers. In him there was a strange mingling of the divine and human. When he died, all nature told of his power.

On the mountain-side the shepherd still tends his flock; in the thatched cottage maid and matron ply the needle as of old. But how different from the sculptor's day! Now a strange fascination takes possession of all. Each passing cloud or lurid flash of lightning turns the mind to the sculptor, and a shudder almost chills the blood. The priest has lost his power, and in the broken fragments of marble from the cave the people place their hopes.

Above the cave, where the sculptor was wont to charm all nature with his music, they have reared a shaft, solitary and lone. Around it vines, with their clinging tendrils, have circled, and at its base flowers of lovely hue do bloom. In the distance is a tall tree, stripped of all its foliage, swaying to and fro under the wind. At its foot, beautiful flowers also bloom, as if to cheer it in its old age. We looked again. A flash of lightning had torn it from its roots, and it fell with a crash. Dead? Yes, dead! But years ago the sap had ceased its work, and all that kept it erect was the strong hold the roots had within the ground. How like the two are the man and his work! The man, held upon earth by a simple desire, has fallen.

We know not his name, and little of his life. His work stands forth to tell that once a man did exist, who lived his own life, in his own way.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY: A MONOGRAPH STUDY.

Chivalry as a distinctive institution was in decay. The Don Quixotes of the world were in sorrow at the waning of an era, whose glory had continued so brilliantly and so long. But Don Quixotes could not apprehend that such a waning needed not to be succeeded by corruption or actual death. In vegetable life it is known that a root or a stem, a branch or a flower, is each but a gradual outgrowth of the fundamental leaf; the form, however modified, is traceable throughout. The mysterious morphology of nature is paralleled in the changing phases of human history. Chivalry had served its end; it had awakened an idea of individual independence; it had seated woman upon her throne of queenly power; it had lifted into rule and reverence virtues of the highest kind. In doing this, it had accomplished its work. The shell within whose confines a perfection so noble had been attained, was now too limited for the swelling product of its long development. Only under the broadened expanse of another age, could these products assume the forms best adapted to their inherent character. The new era was now opening, though the state as yet was embryonic. Literature was just reviving from its century of slumber; the drama was still in its infancy; poetry, writings of every style, were crude and defective. Men stood wavering in uncertainty as to the end upon which they should centre their energies and activities.

At such an hour a new child of history was born; a child destined to fulfill the ideals of poetry and the aspirations of chivalry—the man Philip Sidney. The career of one, whose character to-day is so illustrious and so pleasing, was notably short and uneventful. A scholar at the universities; a traveler and student on the continent; a courtier under Elizabeth; a

soldier in the Netherlands ; a dying hero at the age of thirty-two ; that was all. He achieved no deed of greatness ; he left to literature no lasting monument of genius. Nevertheless the name of Sidney to-day awakens within us a glow of pleasurable emotion not readily to be comprehended. Trivial as may have been the events of his life, they seem hallowed at times with tints of the purest glory. He stands among the few who have come down to us esteemed and renowned for what they were in themselves. However great in number may be the personages, whom history has enshrined for the remembrance of succeeding ages, it is doubtful if one among them can be found, more uniquely beautiful than Philip Sidney. Others may have shown a superiority in some single power ; individual virtues may have seen loftier heights in men of other times ; but we know not one who blended into better unison so many characters of history, so many virtues of humanity, so many noble qualities of bodily and mental attainment.

He was a student and a scholar, but a student of the most extended taste, and a scholar of the broadest sphere of learning. The distinction is an old one between the lover of literature and the devotee of philosophy. Sidney, however, knew no such distinction. Whether an Homer enraptured him with deep music, or an Aristotle invited him to subtle speculations, either met in him an appreciation, at which Homer and Aristotle themselves would have been moved to the fullest joy. The devotion to knowledge never left him ; the associations of travel and contact with the learned but served as a means for its gratification ; among the thoughtful of Europe he failed not to strike a chord of responsive sympathy. Yet he was not a scholar only ; he was a poet. Poet and philosopher ! how strange the combination ! but the fact is unquestionable. It is true that his poetry is not great, the delight only of the antiquated taste of a few. Yet, however wanting it may be in artistic skill ; however much it may disappoint the critic of to-day ; none will deny its author that gift of the seer—the poetic nature. Every thought, each

act of his life, felt the influence of so divine an endowment. He was, too, a knight and courtier. What attributes do we thus imply! High-souled individuality; faith and loyalty in their supremest aspect; an ideal and adoring estimation of woman; sympathy and generosity for the stricken and oppressed; an exceeding skill in feats of arms and prowess; naught was lacking to link him to the old knights of chivalry. Then the courtier,—intellectual keenness; faultless obedience to the rules of etiquette; persuasiveness of address; a faculty always of please and never to offend; Sidney was it all,—“the jewel of my court,” said Elizabeth. Indeed, so perfect was his address, so fully did the truth and beauty of his character react upon his outward demeanor, that national enemies on meeting him were constrained to delight and to a forgetfulness of hostility. He was a statesman, with a statesman’s tact and wisdom. He was a soldier, not merely the knight for a single combat, but the brave and intelligent general of modern warfare. He would even have been an adventurer with Drake, had not Elizabeth thwarted his purpose a moment too soon. Then, too, he was religion’s ally, devoted to her with the truest loyalty. The significance of the fact is very great. When the poetic nature was tending to the scepticism of a Shakespeare and the sensuality of a Marlowe; when the courtier was proving destitute of true wisdom or honor—as in Leicester and Essex; when study was leading to a bigotry and fanaticism that was not Christian; the pure faith, taught in childhood from the lips of a mother, held him to the end with its bands of virtue and love. He died the death of a hero, not the death of a Cæsar or a Cato, but a death whose grandeur they would not have understood. To lie bleeding with wounds and panting with thirst, to offer his only cup of water to a dying soldier at his side, was an act to institute a new order of chivalry, the chivalry, in fact, of a Sidney.

Such a blending it is difficult to comprehend, resembling, as it does, the exalted conceptions of poetic art—the art which Sidney himself pronounced alone above, and superior to nature.

Men of greatness and power, in the world around us, commonly are great and powerful through a predominance of some individual faculty or trait. To unite, then, the traits of various eras, to blend into one, men of every taste and kind, effects a personality suited to attract an attention both studious and pleasurable. The fact most impressing us in such a personality is the wondrous evenness of the blending. It was an age of excess and irregularity, when every man was a chaos in himself. Faculties and tastes were each tending to degeneracy, or to a supremacy admitting no rivalry or association among themselves. Every fact of the past and the future was seeking to make the coming age its own. Poetry was to revel in the wild heights of the dramatist; religion was to pass into the narrow strictness of the Puritan. The end was to be anarchy, or the triumph of some single fact that should retain the soul under its exclusive sway. Naught of this is to be seen in Sidney. The faculties and virtues of which he was possessed, had even control among themselves; supremacy was gained by none. Religion, though it kept him true to itself, put no check upon his appreciation of sensuous beauty; nature ever received from him a devotion ardent and sincere. But the beauty of sensuous nature yielded to a beauty of another kind, that of great and noble character; such beauty won even his adoration. But a love of knowledge and thought was not excluded; it was in him, deep and strong. Then, also, study and the seclusion usually attending a poetic nature, forbade him not to be a man of action, a citizen of the world, a courtier and statesman, a soldier and adventurer. Everything was in him, and, we could almost say, everything in him was perfect.

The countenance of Sidney seems in striking unison with his character. As we look at it, we appear to catch something of that *genus homo* sought for in art so eagerly and so vainly. A union of feminine sweetness and masculine strength; of child-like innocence and manly wisdom; of the poet and the man of the world; of the knight and the statesman—it was, indeed, the

blending of Sidney himself. Certainly it is an head to attract the eye and hold the attention of the soul.

If, indeed, a single feature did predominate in his nature, it was the poetic sensibility with which he was endowed; it permeated the whole character of the man; it softened religion's rigorous power by modifying its tendency to unreasoning enthusiasm; it gave a deep and beautiful undercurrent to the life to which the world called him; it bound into a harmony of exceeding richness the varied elements of a so varied nature; it was the completing fact to render him of a beauty so unique.

The facts we have given, and the character we have sketched, must lead, we think, to the realization of another fact—the loneliness of Sidney's position. Among the men with whom he was associated there was not one like to him. A Spenser could give a poet's sympathy to a poetic nature; a sister could give a woman's delicate sympathy to delicate womanly nature; a Lauguet could give a philosopher's sympathy to a philosophic nature; a William of Orange could give a knight's, a soldier's, a Christian's sympathy to a knightly, soldier-like and Christian nature; but there was none to give him all sympathy. Yet we do not learn that actual unhappiness was wont to trouble him; on the contrary, he appears to have been of a mood both joyous and even. Though inclined to solitude, and lonely in position, nature pleased him and the world satisfied him. This fact we can only attribute to that wonderful equipoise among the elements of his character, to which we have alluded so frequently; it is the keynote of his nature; he who would appreciate Sidney must read him in its light.

The writings of Sidney we do not intend to discuss. The world has decided them to be of the past. His reputation depends not upon them; we study him for what he was in himself. Yet to those to whom Philip Sidney is truly interesting, we say, read his words. Take down the time-worn edition of 1638; in its quaint old type, and in the quaint old style of its writings, read there its thoughts and its fancies. Remember

that they are every one Sidney's own, written for his own pleasure, and continuing unpublished throughout his life. Understand that the sentiments therein uttered were new and noble, though now the language of a thousand poets; construct out of them, if you will, Sidney's own character; his convictions and faiths are there in living forms. Find in them a conception of things beyond life's attainment; ideals of virtues to give joy to the purest taste; friendships to delight the mind and satisfy its aspirations; a love transcending what earth doth often show, a love between soul and soul; in fact, find in them Philip Sidney himself.

VOICES.

[WE have received the following communication from an honored alumnus, which should command the attention of those interested in the improvement of our curriculum.—EDS.]

I have read with pleasure among the VOICES of your last issue a plea for a collegiate study of Hebrew. The writer asked for its introduction among the studies of Senior year, if not as an elective, at least as an optional branch. And the arguments produced were such as would most naturally occur to an undergraduate, namely:

That it was due to those who were preparing for the ministry to have in their preparation equal advantages with those who were looking to the other professions. That it was due to those who would be graduated from Princeton to be put, as far as possible, on a level with men from other Colleges. And that it was due to the language itself as an important element in linguistic education. These arguments have weight, and will impress themselves upon those who have care of the College curriculum.

But I may be pardoned if I add, that there seem to me to be facts to be considered which are of graver import. They cannot but force themselves upon the attention of men both among the

Trustees and in the Faculty who have at heart the collegiate and ministerial education of the land. First and foremost is the relation of College to Seminary. For the last ten years Princeton College has been raising its standard of scholarship. We read, also, in the report of the Standing Committee on Theological Seminaries, presented to the Assembly just adjourned, that "The committee observe with the highest gratification the evident purpose of the Seminaries to demand and secure a higher standard of scholarship."

But every step of Princeton and other Colleges in this direction has been largely dependent upon the standard of scholarship in the institutions that feed them, and, just as the Colleges are dependent upon the scholarship of the schools, so are the Seminaries dependent upon the scholarship of the Colleges. Every effort towards a higher Theological scholarship must have reference to the facilities offered in preparation for a Theological course. This, I presume, is acknowledged by all.

Now, we believe the great improvement Princeton College has made in the branches of Metaphysics, and Philosophy has had its influence upon the Seminary course of study. Princeton College is the principal feeder of Princeton Seminary. Her graduates come to the Seminary with a superior philosophical training. And a large majority of graduates from the other Colleges avail themselves of these same privileges during their first year at the Seminary. It may be safely said, therefore, that this fact, along with others, has influenced the Seminary in the recent advancement of its Theological department by one whole year. Instruction in Theology must depend largely upon the capacity of those instructed. When, therefore, the capacity is thus improved, the instruction can be more thorough.

But while the Seminary has thus profited from the improvement in Philosophy and Metaphysics, it is still trammelled by the neglect of collegiate preparation in Hebrew. Almost all of Junior year must now be devoted to the beginning of Hebrew. And the greater part of this beginning must consist in grammat-

ical labor. All this time the same class are pursuing the exegetical study of the New Testament, which cannot come in the Old Testament until the second year. Thus there is one year's more advanced study in the New than in the Old Testament.

But a second fact. The relation of the College to those who study Hebrew. The Seminary does advise some acquaintance with the language before entering Junior year. As a consequence, almost every one has more or less knowledge of the grammar before they come to the Seminary. But if this knowledge is not furnished by a competent College instructor, it is obtained elsewhere and less perfectly. And if obtained imperfectly and poorly, it prejudices the student at once. And this prejudice, it is safe to say, is only increased by the constant effort through Junior year to undo the evil that has been done. Hebrew is comparatively a simple language. It is certainly a beautiful language, and if only well begun would commend itself to every student. But under the existing circumstances, one is not surprised to hear every now and then "A plea for the study of Hebrew." I came across such a "Plea" in the *Southern Presbyterian Review* of last January, but while the writer plead with the students for its study, it seemed to me that he might better accomplish his end by pleading with the Colleges for its instruction. The College can, by taking this instruction under its control and ensuring it a thorough attention, do much towards bringing the study into repute with students, and its students into a mastery of the study.

There is a third fact. The relations of the College to the language itself. The revision of the Scriptures will place before the public, as well as before the church, the results of a thorough knowledge and study of the original languages of the Old and New Testaments. The revisors cannot arbitrarily force their text upon the public or upon the church. Its acceptance or rejection will be a matter of public and ecclesiastical judgment. But its presence before public and church, whether accepted or

not, will call forth the study of the original languages of the Bible, as nothing else could do. I feel it must produce a more educated ministry, a more intelligent church, and I do not see why it should not produce a more liberal study of that one of the Biblical languages which has so far been left to neglect.

Viewing it, therefore, in respect to the relation of College to Seminary, or in respect to the relation of both to an educated ministry, or in respect to the relation of College, Seminary and ministry to the language itself, there is every reason why this step should be taken, and taken now. J.

"What's up is faith, what's down is heresy." One Professor is taken with a real respect for him (not to say reverence, which is unknown in College after the entrance examinations are passed), produced by the high estimate of a preceding class. Another is taken as a "snap," at his lowest quoted value during the previous year, and is given no chance to rise. So, too, as we turn to the student side of the question, the man who has taken ninety-five two or three years, may make recitations worthy of sixty and still take ninety-five, while the man who has been down among the sixties must make many extra recitations to change his usual marks.

The unlucky student who has shown himself conspicuously dumb a few times, only makes himself a more prominent butt by any flash of real wisdom. Everywhere we have flaunted in our faces the old adage, "There's nothing so successful as success." Most heartily we say, with "R. I.," in *The Princetonian*, "Shame on the knighthood of the hour, which joins the hue and cry against the weak and the unfortunate."

A disgraceful amount of College opinion is founded on no profounder reasoning than, He's up, bravo!! He's down, sit on him!!

The man who deliberately or in the heat of debate, keeps inflicting his awkward verbal gymnastics upon helpless audi-

ences, is a bore. The occasions are few in which a student has not time to collect his thoughts; yet, again and again, we must endure wordy preparations for coming ideas, which entirely smother them and drive us into rebellious inattention. If a man must speak, let him first think through this wilderness of stumbling verbosity to the light, and begin there. Then he will go point foremost at his audience. It does not follow from this that he should be dull in the latter part of his speech. To stretch out, crush together, turn upside down, and beat to pieces, the unlucky idea that "struck you" when you took the floor, is as wearisome as the bewildering pursuit of it. Give us more golden silence at each end of your *extempore* speeches.

NATURAL HISTORY in the Sophomore year is usually regarded with apathy or actual distaste. The lectures are listened to with but little interest. For a day or so before examination we study up the subject, and see, perhaps, what has been lost. Examinations over, we let it pass from our minds. Some knowledge of the principal branches of Natural History—Anatomy, Zoölogy and Botany—is properly considered a necessary part of a liberal education. We are supplied with all the appliances we could desire to make the studies interesting and instructive, and we could not wish professors more zealous in their endeavors to make their branches attractive.

When we consider how inviting such studies naturally are to the youthful mind, we can but wonder at the small amount of enthusiasm aroused in this department. There must be some cause for this, and we think it lies in the prominence, or rather lack of prominence, given to this department in the schedule.

It matters little how many models and specimens we have in our museum and laboratories, or how proficient our professors may be, if a moderate allowance of time is not given for instruction. In Anatomy and Zoölogy fourteen hours are allotted to

each, while in Botany we have only seven. It is impossible to make the lectures interesting, when so much must be crowded into a few scattered hours. Why could not some of the time now devoted to Latin and Greek be given to these more practical subjects? If necessary, raise the standard of admission. The work of Sophomore year will not then so strongly indicate that Latin and Greek are the main factors in a College education.

A LIBRARY is a source of unfailing gratification to the student. When wearied with the labors of the week, its quiet recesses invite to rest and varied pleasures. The many alcoves attract us to the untold treasures contained within their narrow retreats. We wander dreamily about, thoughtless as to what we may happen upon or enjoy; a history catches the eye; we open it listlessly, gather some interesting fact or discussion, and lay it aside. Perhaps we take down a poet; one or two beautiful sentiments are plucked, and it, too, is put away. Then some work of philosophy or science takes its turn; likewise again to be closed after the usual casual glance. It may be that we meet with some rare old volume; eagerly we take it up; for a time its antique contents afford us the greatest delight. So the hours pass. Ere long the setting sun, as it shines through the stained glass of the windows, warns us that it is time to go. As we slowly pass out the door, we do not feel that our moments have been wasted. We have not labored, it is true; we have only enjoyed; but the enjoyment is not without its fruit. The artist who wearily casts aside the brush of toil, to ramble among the beauties of nature, is not losing the precious hours of work. Unconsciously he is feeding his soul upon the material best suited to its present needs. The results of such nourishment will appear at a later time. It is well to think how closely connected with the ingathering of knowledge, is the enjoyment of the intellect to be gotten therein. We believe that a library

should be a museum for intellectual pleasure, as well as a storehouse of facts and ideas for the culture of the brain. We have with us a library with which we may well be pleased. It is elegant in external structure, within it is stocked with books to the number of forty-five thousand volumes. Surely we have enough for the moment. We could wish that a step in another direction could now be taken. Already a foundation has been laid for an alcove in art; why not as well a collection of literary antiquities? Old books, autograph writings of the men of other ages, ancient manuscripts, literary relics of every character, afford unending delight to the scholar and the student. Other libraries abound in them. We think such a collection would add value and honor to our own. Certainly a gratification would be given, fully equal to the expense that would be requisite. We trust in the future to see our library joining with others of its kind in the gathering of such neglected treasures.

We feel confident that any College student would feel indignant if we should accuse him of using Cockney English, with its terrible abuse of "H's." And yet a little observation on our part would show plainly, that many of us are guilty of an irregularity very similar to that of our friend from across the water, who inquired about a letter for 'Enry H'ogden. We refer to the habit of dropping the "H" in such words as when, where, which, white, &c. It is a fact as lamentable as it is undeniable, that many of our students, and many educated men outside of College, invariably pronounce these words as though they were spelt wen, were, wich, wite, &c.

If the wrong pronunciation were prettier, or more forcible than the right, there might be some excuse for its use. On the contrary, anyone can see how utterly weak and insignificant is the word *wen*, as compared with *when*. Furthermore, the latter is certainly no harder to pronounce than the former. Hence we

feel sure that mere thoughtlessness is at the bottom of this habit.

We beg of you, then, whoever you may be that read these words, that you will henceforth "set a watch on your lips," and look out for the rights of the poor, ill-used "H's."

Commencement is drawing nigh. Tickets are necessary to enable one to enjoy its festivities. A word with reference to their distribution, which the experience of last year suggests, will not be out of place.

There seems to be need of a change in the present method. If an alumnus fails to have a friend in College, he may find it extremely difficult and perhaps impossible to gain admittance to some of the exercises.

A striking illustration of this came under our observation at the last J. O. Contest. Having more tickets than we wished to use, (we procured them from students who had gone home,) we looked about for a deserving person to whom we might give them. We found an elderly gentleman in front of the First Church, and upon asking him if he wished to attend the exercises he replied that he would like very much to do so, but could obtain no admission tickets. Both he and two of his sons had graduated here; and it was most certainly wrong to leave chances for such a grievance when plenty of students had unused tickets in their pockets.

Let those, then, who have this matter in charge, make such changes in the present system of distributing tickets as will prevent the recurrence of such neglect.

D.

EDITORIAL.

WE NOTICE in the *Harvard Advocate* an account of the presentation, by the Class of '57, of two beautiful, stained glass windows, as class memorials. This fact reminds us that we owe a vote of thanks to '79 for the (from all accounts) handsome pair of bronze lions with which they are about to ornament one of our College avenues. The gift of class memorials is certainly a very fitting custom, and one which we hope to see continued by succeeding classes. Apropos of this, it may not be amiss to mention a few which have been left by our predecessors. To '66 we are indebted for our College clock; '71 and '72, with a number of preceding classes, enriching the library by the bestowal of various cyclopædias, standard works of fiction, &c. The busts of Presidents McCosh and Witherspoon were given by '73 and '76, the intermediate classes donating the crayon portraits of Profs. Alexander and Guyot, which now hang in the museum, also a valuable spectroscope for the Physical laboratory. All these are pleasing testimonials to the desire of the several donors to leave to posterity a substantial reminder of their stay here. We shall therefore anxiously await the arrival of the royal beasts promised by '79, and have no doubt that they will fulfil our utmost expectations. Their proposed site too, barring the terrifying influence they may exercise on incoming Freshmen, is fitting, being opposite the most prominent entrance to the College grounds. A chance for distinction is now open to '80 in the presentation of some chaste and simple style of fountain, to replace the elaborate work of art, which ornaments the campus in front of Witherspoon.

THERE IS A pleasant custom in vogue in some other Colleges which might, if introduced here, lend additional attraction to

the already interesting ceremonies around the cannon. We refer to the practice of having one of the Juniors, as a representative of the under-graduates, take part in the Class-day exercises, delivering what, in La Fayette, is called the "Mantle Oration."

The plan that we would suggest is this: Let some Junior, chosen by his classmates, make a brief reply in the name of the College, to the farewell words of the President of the Senior class. It would take up but very little time; and it seems eminently appropriate that utterance should be given to the sentiments of regard and friendship, entertained by the under-graduates, toward the Seniors. We would be the last to advocate an annual outflow of empty sentimentality and meaningless gush; on the contrary, we feel confident that the orator on such an occasion would have no difficulty in finding something to say, something, too, sincerely meant. For whatever may be the relations existing between the classes during the College course, there is always, on the part of those who are to be left behind, a deep feeling of regret at parting, and of attachment to the men about to graduate. The inter-class connections, owing, in great degree, to our familiar intercourse with one another in the literary societies, are more close in our college than in other institutions of as large a size; and it is surprising to notice how many intimate friendships arise between Seniors and Juniors, Sophomores and Freshmen, &c. Hence the carrying out of such a project as we have suggested would not only be practicable, pleasant and appropriate, but would also be simply the natural outgrowth of a true and manly College spirit.

IT is unfortunate that the uniform good feeling which has, during the past year, characterized our encounters with Harvard on the foot-ball field, should not also prevail with regard to base-ball matters. It cannot be questioned that Harvard has, by her late action, exposed herself to the censure of her sister

Colleges. Entertaining, as we did, such a high opinion of her fairness, we must confess to a considerable degree of surprise at the stand she has taken. No one can deny her technical right to put these two men on the nine; but, on the other hand, none can deny the injustice of the act. Did we not know the strong sentiment at Harvard against it, we would be forced to conclude that all fair, honorable dealing had been subordinated to the desire for the College championship, and that her College nine had degenerated into an ordinary professional team. The exigency which has thus arisen will assuredly result in the adoption of such measures as shall prevent its recurrence in the future, for as long as no restrictions are placed upon the selection of the nines, so long will the present difficulty exist.

The principle at the foundation of such a selection is unjust. The two New England Colleges, far exceeding us in numbers, increase this advantage by extending their limits so as to take in all the departments of the University. Thus a Princeton nine, chosen from about five hundred men, who remain in College but four years, is pitted against rivals elected from one thousand men or more, many of whom stay seven or eight years. It is evident, then, that active steps should be taken before the season opens next year to place all upon an equal footing. We scarcely think the articles of agreement submitted to the College by the directors of our nine, will meet all the requirements of the case. True, it obviates the present evil, but the odds are still decidedly in favor of Yale and Harvard, and we think the suggestion of the editors of *The Princetonian* to make only undergraduates eligible, is a far more equitable plan. Even this, however, may, we think, be improved upon by making the first section of the agreement read thus, "only students who have been in regular attendance for the whole of the College year, in any department common to the said Universities," and then placing our Theological Seminary under this category. If the privilege is limited to undergraduates only, Yale, with a Scientific School four or five times as large as ours, would again be the gainer, an advantage

which would, in some measure, be equalized by the fact that our Seminary outnumbers hers. It may be objected that the Seminary here has not that formal connection with the College which exists in the case of Harvard and Yale Divinity Schools, but still it seems unfair that we should be deprived of the services of men who enter it after graduation from the College. Whether such an arrangement would meet the approbation of the other two Colleges is doubtful, and it is only mentioned as one of the possible methods of effecting the required reform. At all events, we sincerely hope that the effort which is now being made will result in the adoption of such a code of rules as shall be satisfactory to all parties interested.

WE chronicle two additions to Princeton literature during the past two months, viz., the new "*Carmina Princetonia*," and "*The Princeton Poets*," the former compiled by Messrs. Dodge, Wright and Dennis, the latter by S. Miller Hageman. The "*Carmina*" contains eleven new songs, including "The Pope," "Bull Dog," "*Alma Mater*," "Class Odes," &c. The "Nassau Waltzes," published for the first time, are a desirable feature of the edition. They consist of a number of fresh and original metres, with "New Jersee" as a theme for the introduction, and "Old Nassau" as a grand finale. These attractions, combined with the handsome exterior, give us a "*Carmina*" which should be in the possession of all lovers of College and College songs.

Of Mr. Hageman's book we have conceived a very favorable opinion. The only criticism we make is that there are a number of selections which might have been omitted, on the ground that they contain more rythm than poetry. The compiler dedicates it "To the Memory of Joseph Henry, the Poet of Science. For he hath caused to be written on the water and the wind, and every whither, the autograph of sound." Space forbids more than a mere mention of a few of the gems of the volume. In "Then and Now" we have a summer idyl not unworthy the

pen of the author of "Maud Müller." "Sea Birds" is bright and sparkling, "The After-echo" graceful and poetic. The magnificent hymn "O Sacred Head, Once Wounded," needs no praise of ours. "The Two Cities" is a truly beautiful poem, while "The Triumph of Liberty" and "The Nation's Hope," are invaluable contributions to patriotic literature. In short, we think, Princeton may be truly proud of her poets, and we predict for the work the cordial reception it justly merits.

WE are conscientiously opposed to anything like fault-finding, especially where any deed of the Faculty is concerned. Yet we have for some days been so exercised about a certain matter, that we can keep quiet no longer, and must give vent to our feelings.

The objective point of these remarks is the present arrangement with regard to Commencement speeches, according to which, no Senior, except, of course, the first three, knows, till about ten days before the time, whether or not he is to speak. Hence, he must make whatever changes are necessary in his speech, commit it and prepare it for speaking, all within a week and a half. But this is by no means the worst of it. For there are some Seniors who receive their appointment in some special department, and are expected, after this announcement, to prepare wholly new orations, appropriate to the particular branches to which they are assigned. The necessary consequence is, that those placed in this position are forced either to take their old speeches, inappropriate as they are, or else to make comparative failures on the new ones.

This may be a necessary evil; but evil it most certainly is. Both for the sake of the Seniors, and for the sake of the audience on Commencement day, there should assuredly be some change, if it is in any way possible.

OLLA-PODRIDA.

DOINGS OF THE MONTH.

MAY 14TH—Base-ball, Princeton vs. Union, at New Brunswick.

MAY 15TH—Base-ball, Princeton vs. Worcester.

MAY 17TH—Capt. McLaren visits Philadelphia to make arrangements with regard to the Schuylkill race.....Base-ball, '82 vs. Lawrenceville.

MAY 20TH—Base-ball, Princeton vs. Jersey City.....Mass meeting of the College.....New shell ordered, and a tax of fifty cents *per capita* laid upon the College community, as an aid in its purchase.

MAY 23D—Base-ball, Princeton vs. Harvard.

MAY 24TH—Annual Gymnastic Contest of the Senior Class.....Princeton vs. Harvard.

MAY 27TH—Base-ball, Princeton vs. DefianceMr. Ballard, '80, re-elected captain of the Foot-ball Team for 1879-80.

MAY 28TH—Base-ball, Princeton vs. Alaska.

MAY 30TH—Senior vacation begins.....Nine start on the Eastern tour.

MAY 31ST—Base-ball, Princeton vs. Yale, at New Haven.

JUNE 2D—Base-ball, Princeton vs. Harvard, at Cambridge.

JUNE 4TH—Princeton vs. Brown, at Providence.

JUNE 5TH—Examinations begin.

JONES BROS., '76, have shingled themselves into lawyers, in Chicago.

VAN DYKE, '78, "formerly of the Princeton team," was referee in a recent foot-ball game, between Racine and University of Michigan.

G. P. HAMILTON, '80, sailed for Europe on the 22d of May.

A. R. WIGGAN, '80, will also spend the summer across the water.

J. H. MCCONKEY, '80, AND R. D. HARLAN, '81, were delegates from the Philadelphian Society, to the recent Y. M. C. A. Convention, at Baltimore.

MURRAY HALL will be dedicated on Baccalaureate Sunday. The exercises will be held at 5 P. M., in place of evening chapel

MCLEAN PRIZE ORATION JUDGES—Profs. Murray and Welling, and Judge Depew.

SOPHOMORE PRIZE ESSAYS—Clio Hall, 1st, John L. Kirk, N. Y.; 2d, Chas. E. Craven, N. J.

A JUNIOR recently stepped to the Librarian's desk, in the College Library, with a copy of *Ivanhoe*, minus the title page, and informed that official that he was unable to fill out the blank, not being able to find Mr. Waverley's initials.

THE TAX HAS worked very successfully, bringing upwards of a hundred dollars into the treasury of the Boating Association.

'79's GIFT to the College is to be two bronze lions, to cost with their pedestals, about \$400. They will be placed either in front of old North, or at the head of the depot stairs.

"THE SPIRIT of Wm. Tell laid the eggs that hatched the eagles, that swooped down from the craggy peaks of Switzerland, carrying destruction with them, like fire crushing castles of stony masonry." The preceeding specimen of Junioric eloquence was wasted upon Prof. Peabody; but we venture to predict bounteous and prolonged applause, not to speak of floral designs, should the orator ever appear on Chapel Stage.

THE PEN-PEDLER is credited with the statement, that to be in style, you must have a stylograph.

FULL ARRANGEMENTS were made on the 17th for the race between Columbia, Princeton, and University of Pennsylvania. It will be rowed on June 24th, at six o'clock in the evening. Our crew will probably be composed as follows: Bow, Johns; 2. Wyly; 3. Brotherlin; Stroke, McLaren; substitute, Horton. The new shell has arrived, and the form and speed have been materially improved by that fact, as the old shell was badly warped. The men will leave for Philadelphia on Commencement Day, and will be quartered by their entertainers at the Colonnade Hotel, 15th and Chestnut streets.

HONORARY JUNIOR ORATION JUDGES—Rev. Dr. Magie, Hon. Amzi Dodd.

PROF. (to student in B. B. costume), "What is the most beautiful combination of colors?" "Orange and black, sir."

THE FRESHMAN BASE BALL NINE has defeated Lawrenceville twice, Rutgers, '82, once, and has been defeated by the U. of P. Freshmen.

THE FOLLOWING AGREEMENT has been entered into by Harvard and Princeton:

"It is hereby agreed between the B. B. Clubs of Princeton and Harvard Universities, represented by Mahlon Pitney, Princeton, and James A. Wright, Jr., Harvard, that only students who have been regular attendants for the whole of any College year, in some one department of the said Universities, shall be eligible to the University Nine, in that year. Suspension shall not be held to interfere with regular attendance, but no student shall be eligible during the period of his suspension. This agreement shall go

into effect in the College year 1879-80, and shall continue to hold good until altered by the common consent of both parties.

"PRINCETON B. B. C.,

"By Mahlon Pitney, Pres't.

"HARVARD UNIVERSITY B. B. C.,

"By Jas. A. Wright, Jr., Capt."

"I FEAR, MR. B., you are viewing me through a colored medium." Mr. B.—"I know it, Professor; but how can I help it? I was born with blue eyes." Another has been added to the list of "those ungodly young men."

THE SENIOR GYMNASTIC CONTEST was held on the 24th of May, and was a brilliant success, both financially and gymnastically. The prizes were awarded as follows: General Excellence, Mr. Wylly; Light Weight, Mr. Sheldon; Heavy Weight, Mr. Stewart; Bars, Mr. Wilder; Club Swinging, Mr. De Renne.

BASE BALL.—On May 15th, the Worcesters visited us for the second time, and followed up their first victory with another no less decided, taking, however, only seven innings to accomplish the work of nine in the first game.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
WORCESTERS.....	0	2	2	0	4	2	1-11
PRINCETON.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0-0

THE UNIVERSITY NINE defeated the Jersey City Browns, on May 20th. The game was very close and well played until the seventh inning, when, by means of errors and heavy batting, we succeeded in scoring five runs. Rain prevented further play, leaving the score as follows:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
PRINCETON.....	0	0	0	0	0	1	5-6
JERSEY CITY.....	1	0	0	0	1	0	0-2

ON FRIDAY, May 23d, Harvard met us for the first time this year, and were defeated. The visitors appeared on the field without Ernst, and his absence seemed to demoralize the whole nine. Play was called at 12:15, with Princeton at the bat. Van Dyke scored for us by means of a base-hit and errors of Alger, while Tyng and Howe tallied for Harvard through unfortunate errors of first and home. Then followed such a game as our boys are seldom guilty of playing. Inning after inning did Harvard retire without scoring. Once in a while a man would succeed in reaching a base, only to be cut off at second by Schenck, caught napping by Horton, or left at the end of the inning, where his presence could do no harm. Eight times were they blanked, while we kept adding to our score, tallying twice in the fourth inning, once in the fifth and sixth, leaving us victors by five to two. On our part, Hamill and Warren deserve particular praise as doing the steadiest and most brilliant playing. The former assisted in a beautiful double play in the eighth inning, by dropping an easy fly and, after touching his own base, driving the ball to third, thus putting out two forced runners. Horton

and Schenck sustained their reputations; indeed, every man, barring the first inning, filled his position well. On the part of Harvard, Coolidge and Wright played a beautiful game; the weak point of the visitors being their catcher. The full score is appended:

PRINCETON.	T.	R.	B.	P.	A.	E.	HARVARD.	T.	R.	B.	P.	A.	E.
Wigton, A.....	4	1	1	17	0	1	Winsor, S.....	4	0	1	0	3	0
Van Dyke, L.....	4	1	1	2	0	0	Tyng, F. & H.....	4	1	1	3	11	6
Duffield, R.....	4	0	0	0	0	0	Howe, M.....	4	1	0	1	0	0
Hamill, B.....	4	2	2	3	10	0	Coolidge, B.....	4	0	0	2	5	1
Warren, S.....	4	1	0	0	5	0	Wright, A.....	4	0	0	15	0	1
Horton, P.....	4	0	0	1	5	2	Olmsted, L.....	4	0	0	2	0	0
Pennock, C.....	4	0	0	2	0	0	Alger, H. & P.....	3	0	2	4	7	9
McNair, M.....	4	0	0	0	0	0	Hanks, R.....	3	0	1	0	0	0
Schenck, H.....	3	0	0	2	3	4	Cohen, C.....	3	0	0	0	0	1
Totals.....	35	5	4	27	23	7	Totals.....	33	2	5	27	26	18

Runs earned—none. First base by errors—Harvard, 2; Princeton, 3. First base by called balls—Harvard, 2; Princeton, 2. Left on bases—Harvard, 4; Princeton, 3. Wild pitches—Harvard, 3. Passed balls—Harvard, 10; Princeton, 3. Struck out—Harvard, 4; Princeton, 10. Double plays—Winsor, Coolidge and Wright; Hamill and Pennock. Time of game—2 hours and 10 minutes. Umpire—James A. Devlin. Summary by innings:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
PRINCETON.....	1	0	0	2	1	1	0	0	0—5
HARVARD.....	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—2

ON SATURDAY an immense crowd, thickly sprinkled with ladies, assembled to witness the second game. The numbers were largely increased by the fact that the Annual Gymnastic Contest was held in the morning, and doubtless to some extent by yesterday's victory. The "veteran" appeared among the crimson-clad, and seemed to restore the lack of confidence noticeable in the other game. Tyng took his old place behind the bat, and with this couple the chances were against us; more through the terror inspired by their names than any real superiority. We were sent to the bat, as usual, and failed to score, as also did Harvard. In the second inning Pennock crossed the home-plate, and with this and another run made in the seventh inning (the only earned one of the game), we were forced to content ourselves. Harvard scored three in the fourth inning, two in the fifth, two in the seventh, and one in the ninth—a total of eight. Though we lost the game, it was not so much through our poor fielding as the heavy batting of our opponents. Errors, to be sure, were plenty; but the chances for them were so frequent, it could scarcely be otherwise. Van Dyke distinguished himself by some of the most brilliant fly-catches we have ever seen; while Pennock, at third, and Warren, at short, did steady and effective work. Winsor and Coolidge deserve particular praise on the part of the visitors. The following is the full score:

PRINCETON.	T.	R.	E.	O.	A.	E.	HARVARD.	T.	R.	E.	O.	A.	E.
Wigton, A.....	4	0	0	10	0	2	Windsor, S.....	5	1	1	0	2	1
Van Dyke, L.....	4	0	1	5	0	2	Tyng, H.....	5	2	0	12	1	6
Duffield, R.....	4	0	0	0	1	0	Howe, M.....	5	3	1	0	0	0
Hamill, B.....	4	0	0	1	1	2	Ernst, F.....	5	0	1	0	13	0
Warren, S.....	4	0	1	1	6	1	Coolidge, B.....	5	1	3	4	3	1
Horton, F.....	4	1	2	0	4	3	Alger, L.....	5	0	0	1	0	0
Pennock, C.....	4	1	1	3	2	1	Wright, A.....	4	0	0	9	0	2
McNair, M.....	4	0	1	1	0	1	Olmsted, R.....	4	0	1	0	0	0
Schenck, H.....	4	0	0	6	1	5	Cohen, C.....	4	1	2	1	1	0
Totals.....	36	2	6	27	15	17	Totals.....	42	8	9	27	20	10

Runs earned—Princeton, 1. First base by errors—Harvard, 7; Princeton, 5. First base by called balls—Tyng, 1. Left on bases—Harvard, 7; Princeton, 7. Wild pitch—Horton, 1. Passed balls—Tyng, 6; Schenck, 4. Struck out—Harvard, 2; Princeton, 9. Time of game—3 hours and 5 minutes. Umpire—Wm. McLean. Summary by innings:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
PRINCETON.....	0	1	0	0	0	0	1	0	0—2
HARVARD.....	0	0	0	3	2	0	2	0	1—8

ON MAY 27TH the University Nine defeated the Defiance, of Princeton, by the following score:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
PRINCETON.....	2	0	0	0	3	0	5	3	2—15
DEFIANCE.....	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0—3

THE UNIVERSITY NINE gained an easy victory over the Alaskas, of New York, on May 28th. The game was long and tedious, resulting as follows:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
PRINCETON.....	1	0	1	0	3	2	0	3	0—10
ALASKAS.....	2	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	0—4

YALE vs. PRINCETON.—The nine started on their tour on Friday, May 30th, by the noon train, reaching New Haven in time for supper, and a good night's rest. The game next day was called at 2:40 P. M., with Princeton at the bat. We were easily retired in one, two, three order. For Yale, Hutchison led off with a base hit, took second and third on sacrifice hit, when Horton prevented a run by striking out Walden, after seven balls had been called. In the second inning, after two men were out, Horton took his base by Hopkins' muff of Parker's throw, but was left on second. After Hopkins had been thrown out by Pennock, Camp reached second by a safe hit and a passed ball. Clark retired on a foul-bound to Schenck, and Camp scored by Van Dyke's fumble of a hit by Watson. Schenck's catch of a foul-tip from Ripley's bat closed the inning. From this time to the ninth inning neither side scored—Camp's hit in the fourth inning being the only safe one for either side. In the last inning Schenck struck out; Wigton followed with Princeton's only base hit, took second on Ripley's fumble, and third by Van Dyke's sacrifice, where he was left. Pennock retired on strikes. Hopkins took first on a low throw by Warren. Camp followed with a terrific liner to

Pennock, who barely reached and stopped it. Pennock made an overthrow at Wigton, upon which both Hopkins and Camp scored. The other three men were retired without reaching first base.

The pitching and catching on both sides were the noteworthy features of the game. Besides these, the batting and fielding of Hutchison, the batting and base-running of Camp, and the catching, stopping and throwing of Hamill, deserve particular attention. Appended is the score:

PRINCETON.	T.	R.	E.	P.	A.	E.	YALE.	T.	R.	E.	P.	A.	E.
Wigton, A.....	4	0	1	14	0	1	Hutchison, S.....	4	0	1	0	6	0
Van Dyke, L.....	4	0	0	0	0	1	Parker, C.....	4	0	0	0	3	0
Pennock, C.....	4	0	0	1	2	2	Lamb, P.....	4	0	0	2	8	0
Hamill, S.....	3	0	0	5	4	1	Walden, B.....	4	0	0	0	2	1
Warren, S.....	3	0	0	1	7	3	Hopkins, A.....	4	1	0	18	0	2
Horton, P.....	3	0	0	0	4	1	Camp, L.....	4	2	2	0	0	0
Duffield, R.....	3	0	0	1	0	0	Clark, M.....	4	0	0	0	0	0
McNair, M.....	3	0	0	2	0	0	Watson, H.....	4	0	1	7	4	0
Schenck, H.....	3	0	0	3	3	1	Ripley, R.....	4	0	0	0	0	1
Totals.....	30	0	1	27	20	10	Totals.....	36	3	4	27	23	4

Runs earned—None. First base by errors—Yale, 7; Princeton, 2. First base by called balls—Lamb. Left on bases—Yale, 1; Princeton, 3. Passed balls—Schenck, 1. Struck out—Yale, 2; Princeton, 7. Time of game—2 hours and 20 minutes. Umpire—George J. Hiller. Summary by innings:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
PRINCETON.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
YALE.....	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	2

HARVARD vs. PRINCETON.—The nine left New Haven by the midnight train, and reached Boston early Sunday morning. In the afternoon the officers of the H. U. B. C. came to the Revere House with carriages, and took our men out for a long, delightful drive among the suburbs. For this and for many other acts of attention, we desire to take this opportunity of thanking our Harvard entertainers.

The game of Monday was played on Jarvis' Field, in Cambridge. Play was called at 4:30 P. M., with Harvard at the bat. Coolidge led off with a slow-hit ball along the third base foul line, which the umpire first called "foul," then changed to "fair." Pennock, balked by the change of decision, made an overthrow at first, which let Coolidge to third. The latter scored on a wild pitch. From this time on the fielding for Princeton was excellent, and Ernst was hit harder than ever before, by us, in spite of the fact that only three safe hits were made. Harvard scored again in the third inning on two passed balls, and a sacrifice; and in the fourth, by Horton's error, base hits by Folsom and Olmsted, and a sacrifice by Wright. Errors of Elliott and Folsom gave Princeton a run in the first inning; a base-hit by Schenck, aided by a wild throw to second by Folsom, and Wigton's sacrifice, added one in the third; and errors of Ernst and Folsom, and a base-hit by Hamill, brought in the tying men in the sixth inning. At this point, the ball had

become so slippery from the rain, which had continued through the game, that at the request of Captain Wright the game was called, with the score a tie.

HARVARD.	T.	R.	B.	P.	A.	E.	PRINCETON.	T.	R.	B.	P.	A.	E.
Coolidge, B.....	3	1	1	3	2	0	Wigton, A.....	3	0	0	9	0	0
Tyng, M. & S.....	3	0	0	0	2	0	Van Dyke, L.....	3	2	0	0	0	0
Ernst, P.....	3	1	0	0	5	1	Pennock, C.....	3	0	0	1	0	1
Folsom, H.....	3	0	1	2	3	5	Hamill, B.....	3	0	1	2	5	0
Wright, A.....	3	0	1	8	0	0	Warren, S.....	3	0	1	0	0	0
Olmsted, L.....	3	0	2	0	0	0	Horton, P.....	2	0	0	0	6	1
Cohen, C.....	2	0	0	2	1	0	Duffield, R.....	2	0	0	1	0	0
Hanks, R.....	2	1	0	1	0	0	McNair, M.....	2	0	0	0	1	0
Elliott, S. & M.....	2	0	0	2	0	2	Schenck, H.....	2	1	1	5	1	2
Totals.....	24	3	5	18	13	8	Totals.....	23	3	3	18	13	4

Runs earned—None. First base by errors—Princeton, 4; Harvard, 1. First base by called balls—Ernst. Left on bases—Princeton, 2; Harvard, 3. Wild pitch—Horton, 1. Passed balls—Schenck, 2; Folsom, 4. Struck out—Princeton, 3; Harvard, 5. Umpire—S. W. Nickerson, of Providence. Summary by innings:

	1	2	3	4	5	6
HARVARD.....	1	0	1	1	0	0—3
PRINCETON.....	1	0	1	0	0	1—3

PRINCETON vs. BROWN.—Steady rain throughout the day prevented the game which had been arranged for Tuesday. On Wednesday morning, 4th inst., the nine left Boston for Providence, and played Brown in the afternoon. The game was characterized by heavy batting and loose fielding on both sides. Up to the seventh inning the defeat of Princeton seemed inevitable; then, however, good batting by our men effected the demoralization of the Brown Nine, and another drawn game was the result, play being called, with the score a tie, in order to allow the Princeton Nine to reach the boat for New York. The batting of Hamill, McNair, Warren, Richmond, Winslow and White, was remarkable. White's first-base play, and a throw by McNair, from centre-field to Schenck, at the home-plate, also deserve mention. The following is the full score:

BROWN.	T.	R.	B.	P.	A.	E.	PRINCETON.	T.	R.	B.	P.	A.	E.		
Richmond, F.....	5	2	2	3	0	14	1	Wigton, A.....	5	1	1	1	10	0	2
Hovey, M.....	5	2	2	2	0	0	0	Van Dyke, L.....	5	1	1	1	1	0	0
Meador, R.....	5	0	1	4	2	0	0	Pennock, C.....	5	0	1	1	2	1	0
Winslow, H.....	5	1	3	3	11	5	10	Hamill, B.....	5	2	3	5	2	2	3
White, A.....	5	0	2	3	12	0	0	Warren, S.....	5	1	2	2	1	2	0
Ladd, B.....	5	1	0	0	1	3	2	Horton, P.....	5	0	0	0	7	6	0
Dilts, S.....	5	0	1	1	0	1	2	Duffield, R.....	4	1	0	0	2	0	1
Green, L.....	5	2	2	2	1	0	1	McNair, M.....	4	2	2	3	2	1	0
Waterman, C.....	5	2	2	2	0	1	0	Schenck, H.....	1	0	0	0	5	4	2
.....	Snook, H.....	3	2	0	0	2	0	0
Totals.....	45	10	15	17	27	24	16	Totals.....	42	10	10	13	20	17	14

Earned runs—Brown, 2; Princeton, 1. First base by errors—Brown, 2; Princeton, 7. First base by called balls—Brown, 2. Left on bases—Brown, 7; Princeton, 5. Wild pitches—

Richmond, 1; Horton, 4. Passed balls—Winslow, 7; Schenck, 2. Struck out—Brown, 6; Princeton, 12. Time of game—2 hours and 40 minutes. Umpire—William McLean. Summary by innings:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
BROWN.....	0	1	2	3	0	0	1	3	0-10
PRINCETON.....	0	0	1	0	0	1	3	1	4-10

COLLEGE GOSSIP.

COLLEGE NEWS is very scarce just now. This is owing, no doubt, to the warm weather and the approach of the final examinations. We have, however, seen two highly interesting items. The one is, "Princeton has no reading-room;" and the other is to the effect that Amherst has benten us in base-ball this season. The first is a fine sample of irony, and '83 will do well to quote it as such in their English examination. How the man that started that squib must grin when he reads it for the fiftieth time—and we're sure we've read it that often—for he knows well enough that there are *four* reading-rooms in the College; *one* in the Seminary, and *one* in the town. Indeed, we've rather a surfeit of reading-rooms, and we think he is acting very meanly in twitting us upon our infirmities in this cold-blooded manner. Of the author of the second we have less to say. He is beyond all hope. It is not that our feelings are at all tender upon this subject—oh, no! We would, if pressed, be willing to admit that most Colleges have beaten us in base-ball; but really we must except Amherst. We have still a little self-respect.

NOTHING is so striking as the customs which prevail at the different "institutions called Colleges." For instance, there's Oberlin, where they have a contest in oratory every week or so. Now, we don't want any one to contradict us—we're right and we know it. Haven't we read every single one of those speeches in the *Oberlin Review*? Haven't we read the reports of the judges, and the grades of the different men? And isn't there a piece of Freshman poetry after each oration? Why, of course there is. We don't claim to be infallible, but we're not mistaken about this. And then out at Hamilton, too, they have the same awful disease; but as the *Hamilton Lit.* is a monthly, and as they generally find something else to write about, we are spared a repetition of these horrors. There is no Senior vacation at Ann Arbor. We suppose Regent Rynd is, as usual, to blame for this. He's always at something of the kind. While at Washington and Jefferson the

students who are excused from attendance on chapel, hold regular meetings every morning on the chapel steps, and, while the services are being carried on inside, they call the roll and fine every absentee "beer for the crowd." Though this is pretty bad, yet we really think it is a great improvement upon Williams, where the students show their disapproval of the College laws by means of horn-sprees and serenades, in honor of the Faculty; and where, also, the Professors disguise themselves and wander around all night playing police for the amusement of the boys. Any one who is interested in athletics and especially the peculiar phases it assumes in the west, will rejoice to hear that Racine and Ann Arbor expect to play a match game of foot-ball this summer. We can hardly appreciate the delights of foot-ball at this season of the year; but we suppose it's all right, for, you know, "this is a free country." We must insist upon that point. We are sorry to add, however, that playing foot-ball in the summer is no longer to be a distinctive mark of western genius and culture; for Lafayette and several other Colleges are trying to raise teams. We earnestly hope that none of them may find themselves in the sad predicament of Trinity, who endeavored to raise a crew, a nine, and a team; but soon discovered that there weren't enough men in the College to go around. Especially unique and striking is the way they have of doing things at Lewisburg University. The fact that it is a University, and not a College, may explain the phenomenon. This is where "the Faculty gave the boys a holiday and the privilege of cleaning the campus." "The boys" worked all day, and now the campus is clean. And then at some other place—we can't remember just where, but we have a strong suspicion that it was at Beloit—the students held a mass-meeting and "appointed a committee to select a College washerwoman." How the committee performed its arduous duties we do not know: we are waiting patiently to hear.

We were deeply pained to read in the last *College Mercury* that "some gentlemen had been looking around," and further, that these same "gentlemen" had made plans and propositions—not to buy up the last edition of the *Mercury* and burn it; oh, no! they're not on a philanthropic "racket"—but "to heat all the buildings with steam."

Now it isn't in our nature to stand back and see innocence imposed on. If it is possible we will rescue Racine from this impending calamity. The *Mercury* seems to rejoice over the news; for what reason we cannot say. But we are glad, my friend, that you are having your rejoicings just now, for when you get that steam-heater, the day of mourning will be at hand. The best thing you can do, will be to order "sack-cloth and ashes for the crowd." My dear *Mercury*, you are young, tender, and—to be candid with you—you are slightly fresh; you need some good advice, and we are just brimful of that article. We have had experience in being heated with such a combination of furnace and pipes as that over which you are so enthused; and, if you listen, will tell you all about it. Racine, we know, is a College pervaded by a mild kind of piety; but let this sort of heating apparatus be once introduced, and

a miniature Pandemonium will immediately result. We have collected statistics which satisfactorily prove that all the mournful disturbances which have marred the symmetry of College life at Princeton, are directly traceable to the use of steam-heaters in the Chapel, recitation-rooms, and a couple of the dormitories. Someday, when you are older and can understand such things, we will give you the figures and explain to you the different steps of this interesting psychological problem; for the present, you must rest satisfied with our statement of the facts, as we know them. Oh! if you could only come here some cold day and listen to the profane inhabitants of Reunion Hall (who have been depraved by long continued use of steam,) conversing upon the subject of "Heat," and the "man that runs the furnaces," you would think differently of this matter. Or, if you had attended a "Sunday-morning Chapel" in January, with your ulster buttoned up to your ears, and commingled threats and doxologies issuing from between your chattering teeth, you would have a far more sensible opinion upon this subject. But do not imagine from this that steam-pipes have no use. Indeed they are very valuable in one way. They make an excellent thermometer, giving you at any time a very good notion of the temperature of the outside world. In this respect they are reliable. But their "heating all the buildings" is a delusion, a sham, an apple of Sodom, or anything of this sort you may have a mind to call it. Reflect then, my dear *Mercury*, "before it is eventually too late." Warm yourselves; burn coal, wood, corn-cobs, leather, old gum-shoes, or anything you please. But take our advice, (it is gratis) profit thereby: shun steam-heaters and we will feel that we have not lived in vain. The Harvard *Crimson* is trying to raise a mild sort of a fuss over the defeat of Wendell, '82, in the hundred yards dash at the Mott Haven games. The principal article on this topic is a communication signed "'77." It is not only a continuation of the same old howl which we heard, when Cornell and some other Colleges beat Harvard at Saratoga, but it also hints pretty strongly that their representative was treated very unfairly by the other contestants, viz., Mr. Lee, of the University of Pa., Mr. Stewart, of the College of the City of N. Y., and Mr. Loney, of Princeton. That there is any truth in the insinuation we do not believe, and we mention it merely to show how beautifully all this kind of talk harmonized with the well-known Harvard ideas and customs in regard to a University Base-ball Club.

EXCHANGES.

"Westward the course of empire takes its way," only it jerks its head around to look back over its shoulder once in a while. Our western exchanges are just now boiling over with patriotism. Orations, sermons and disquisitions

crowd their columns, proclaiming the inextinguishable glory of the immortal George, and insisting strenuously upon the rights of the American citizen. Generally the national eagle shelters herself under the guise of a "Junior Exhibitor," or decks herself with the feathers of an editor hard up for "copy;" but occasionally she stands up boldly and proclaims herself openly a demagogue. We have become quite accustomed to this, and always lay down the *College Mercury* or the *Chronicle* with a weary sigh for the degeneracy of our nation. This month the *Round Table* has the fever in full course. "Liberty" has got the floor and ranges the platform from Rome to Australia. All the glory of Caesar and his legions is transferred to the American nation, and our accumulated greatness is lauded, as usual, to the skies.

There is also a "Communication" from Wellesley College, in which the motto of the last-mentioned institution—*Non ministrari, sed ministrare*—is cutely rendered, "Not to be a minister, but a minister's wife."

The *Chronicle* this month is fairly edited, but more originality is needed in the last few pages. "Two Riddles" are translated from the Anglo-Saxon of Cynewulf: were they shorter we would transcribe them.

We are rather sorry for the slighting way in which we referred to the *Vanderbilt Austral* in our last issue. It seems to have many difficulties to contend against, and is in some respects quite creditable to the editors. The May number opens with a very sensible defence of Greek Letter societies. The writer is posted in College statistics: "It is well known by all who keep up with the papers that more rows occur at Princeton than any other institution in the United States. Last year two or three students were nearly killed in a promiscuous pistol fight, and the whole Freshman class was sent home."

THE *Morris Avalon* is a piquant sheet from a neighboring preparatory school. It is disposed to be verbose, and the wit is not always funny, but the contributions are lively and the editorials of the better school-boy type. Some of our more pretending exchanges might study the *Avalon* to great advantage.

For a judicious combination of the athletic and the practical in College journalism, the *Harvard Advocate* deserves the highest praise. It always contains two or three light sketches, representing various phases of life at Cambridge. "My Electives," in the last number, sets forth the difficulty of arranging one's studies so as to avoid early and late recitations, Saturday recitations, and, in fact, any recitations at all; for "Recitations are beneath the dignity of Harvard men, and all courses in which this system of instruction is employed are to be avoided." Moreover, "the Ancient Languages, Physics, Mathematics and Chemistry are beyond consideration;" theses and "crowded courses are objectionable," and good marks must be secured. With how many perils is the path of the collegian beset!